

The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19
PUBLISHED AT OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. II

SATURDAY, FEB. 8, 1919

No. 2



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The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

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Vol. II.

Saturday, February 8, 1919

No. 2

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice, Oteen, N. C. Subscription rates, \$1.00 for seven-teen weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

On Wednesday, the 12th, we commemorate the birth of one of America's greatest Presidents—Abraham Lincoln. At a time like this, when we have passed through a crisis in the history of our country it seems the natural thing that we give, perhaps, a little more thought and study to "Honest Abe." For surely in this man the world has seen the greatest humanitarian. And now with the Peace Conference in full swing surely we can find many thoughts and noble deeds from our study of Lincoln which will help us in the great period of Reconstruction of Europe, to temper justice with mercy, as he would have done in our own period of Reconstruction.

sipated, and no more effective means to accomplish this could be found than to beautify the Hospital grounds with gardens of flowers. Through some of our generous neighbors much of the coniferous species are seen planted at central points. What we need is a very general sprinkling of flower gardens at wards. In the more open spots of the Post we could pass from the ornamental to the useful—and have vegetable gardens. There isn't a patient on this Post, or any member in fact, who hasn't a big heart for earth—and growing things. Putting around in a garden is the healthiest pastime in the world.

A man is the happier for being a creator. Let it be a new mouse trap—or one flower brought into being. These are the very days when the ground should be made ready—and the seeds prepared. The Command with the aid of the horticulturists on the Post could do wonders for the boys by letting them plant and care for their individual gardens. The boys from the cities who have had little in common with vegetation and soil production can learn a big lesson. The boys who know soil from the ground up—can keep their hearts happier and act as a nucleus for our Horticultural Corps. And the beautifying of the Post would naturally follow.

It is an acknowledged fact that half of any cure whether it be a sore toe or a bad gassing is in the mental attitude. With our mental apparatus going along in healthy fashion we are apt to forget the disease or the ache. And a great aid too is pleasant surroundings.

So we make an appeal for *Gardens*, and many of them at this Post. Plans may be under way at this time—and the Reconstruction with its agricultural course is in a way to greatly further this.

We have here hundreds of convalescing patients whose health has been impaired and consequently whose minds are not as cheerful as they might be. Relief from physical suffering is not sufficient to bring the complete recovery which is the desire for this institution to accomplish. The mental apathy which follows disease must be dis-

Cleanliness has been instilled into us from the start. Most of us have taken to it gracefully. We met a sudden reverse last week when, of our own free will we ambled into the Y. M. C. A., Asheville, for our weekly scrub. Lo and behold they had gone over to the "profiteers"—and insisted on holding us up for a thin dime for a towel and the privilege of standing room under their showers.

As Our Uncle Dudley would say "it ain't the dime—it's the principlul." The Y. M. C. A. have been held up to rather harsh criticism in these months past. Many of us have held our feeling in reserve. Right at this time the Asheville Chapter are making a drive for ten thousand dollars to further their work. The National Y. M. C. A. drove for a hundred millions a year ago—and realized! And all for the soldiers! Yet for the privilege of keeping clean—they put a premium on it—and discourage just the thing that has been their battle cry "All Free for the Soldiers." God knows our thirty dollars a month has been taxed in all sorts of pilfering ways—yet can it be the serious intent of these folks to add another straw towards the breaking of the old camel's back?



Fifty years from now with your grandchildren on your knees you will be proud that you had the forethought to save something of a material nature to remind you of *these* days. Naturally you have been saving your copies of The Oteen. To enable you to further preserve them, we are arranging with a manufacturer to furnish us, at cost, with maroon colored, imitation leather binders properly stamped. These will hold the first volume of The Oteen and leave room for the second volume—about twenty-four numbers in all. The cost will not exceed \$1.00. Delivery in about three weeks. Order now by giving your name to the Circulation Manager at the Personnel Office.

Have you forgotten the little mixup we had to get better service, and concessions in the price of tickets, from the Orange Star? They came across nicely—granting the members of the Post a rate of 16 cents each way when tickets are purchased at the at the Post Exchange.



OFFICIAL

BULLETIN OF ORDERS

Beginning January 17th, 1919, a daily Bulletin of Orders and Memoranda will be posted in the Administration Building at 11:30 a.m.

All officers on duty at this Hospital will consult this Bulletin before 12:00 o'clock noon.

The uniforms of enlisted men in this Command and Patients sick in Hospital will be strictly in accordance with army regulations.

The Commanding Officers' Detachment, Medical Department, Quartermaster Corps, and Detachment of Patients will be held responsible for the compliance with the above instructions.

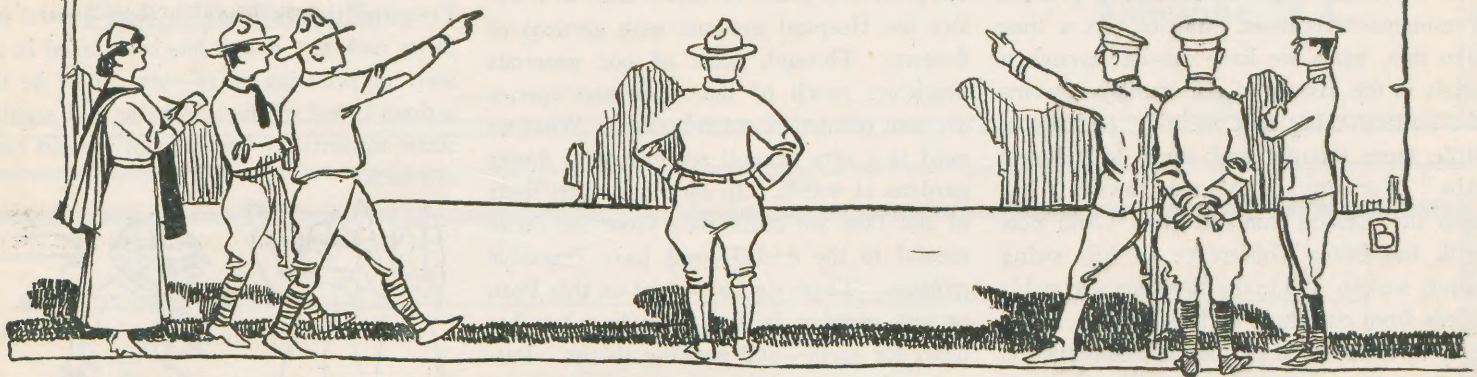
War Department General Order No. 146, authorizes the designation of a United States Army Naturalization Officer at each Army Camp, Post or Station.

The Army Naturalization Officer will furnish the proper application blanks to any soldiers who are candidates for naturalization, and will deliver the naturalization certificates to the candidates as soon as he receives them. If the candidates have already been discharged, the certificates will be mailed to them.

The Naturalization Officer stationed at U. S. Army General Hospital No. 19 will furnish all necessary papers. Application to the Bureau of Naturalization, or securing the aid of any other person, is unnecessary.

H. W. HOAGLAND,

Lt. Col. M.C., U.S.A., Commanding.



MISGIVINGS OF A RECONSTRUCTIONIST

Tonight I must set up until "lights out" learning that new hitch for an army belt, putting the finishing touches on a bead design, copying the pattern for some clever toys and washing out some tin cans for my shop. I wonder, as I work, if some of these things will arouse more than a passing curiosity—if some man will find real pleasure and forgetfulness in some of my projects.

I am analytical tonight, even doubtful. Could it be possible that the man who is in bed looks with some trepidation at our approach as at a taskmaster whom he cannot flee and who has come to disturb his rest and contemplations, instead of a friend come to relieve the long hours needed for recovery?

I would like to know what to discount, if there is a discount allowed, when a man remarks after watching the first efforts of an ambitious toy maker, "That is a good job

for a man with a strong back and a weak mind."

I wish to know whether my men come to play the game I propose because they really enjoy the fun or because I am a woman and they do not like to hurt my feelings by refusing.

Sometimes I am disturbed by the thought that, I, being feminine, with all the differences in opinion and thought which that implies, may not fit into a man's army. I am afraid that I may violate, unintentionally, some most sacred masculine principle of conduct, and thereby be ignored henceforth and forever.

The theory upon which our division was organized is to me a beautiful one, i. e. the aides are to give pleasant and diverting occupation to the convalescent soldier, the human touch to a military organization, and to renew a man's interests in the pursuit of civil life. The officers are sure that the theory is working. But my concern is with the men with whom we are experimenting. I want to know what they think about it. Are

we doing what they want in the way that they want it? I wish I knew; all I know about it is, that they say we are.

OUR FIRST GAME

The Oteen basketball team was defeated by the Asheville School team at the latter's court Wednesday afternoon. Despite the fact that this was only a practice scrimmage and in the nature of a try-out for the army team, the game was marked by fast clean scrimmaging by both sides. This was Oteen's first practice game and using it as a criterion much is to be expected of the team. Ruff and Adrion were the stars for our team. Several times the Asheville boys were forced to their utmost in order to swing the tide in their favor. The Oteen line-up was:

Forwards—Adrion, Scully, Stein.

Center—Hrdina, Kahn, Englander.

Guards—Ruff, Kovoracs, Loewy.

Lieut. Steele, the Recreation Officer, is the Coach.

CAPS & CAPE

Deo et Humanitate

SMILES

Dearie, yes I do
Often want to, just to taunt you
And to kid you too.
But you know the rule
Even though you are a jewel
I must pass by
Not one smile I
Dare to give you
Though my smile might make you happy
I might have to pay the toll
For a smile might be a gross temptation
And you might invite me for a stroll.
There's a rule and regulation
Says that this will never do
While I'm working for the U. S. nation.
So I guess I can't smile at you.

—M.E.S.

Another country explored and settled.
There are now eight north ambulatory
wards and one infirmary ward. It seems
like ancient history to hear them speak of
Northmen and Hillman. Nurses Walkup
(appropriate name), Middleton, Cooper,
and Pye complete the force of North ward
nurses. Patient Officers' Ward No. 3 open-
ed also this week with Miss Garcia in
charge.

The Post Band is now an essential fea-
ture of the landscape. We like their music.
The Orchestra again delighted the dancers
at the Red Cross Building on Thursday
night.

Oh, quarantine, we hate to lose you. We
are so used to you now.

Slowly but surely Uncle Sam is releasing
those who are anxious to get back into civil-
ian life. We are sorry to see them go, but
the old routine must go on and this unusual
phase of living eliminated. Those who eag-
erly answer the call will take up the broken
thread of their lives and go on just as brave-
ly. Misses Chadwick, Ward, LaRose, Wat-
son go with our best wishes.

The tea in charge of the nurses of Bar-
racks No. 3, at our Red Cross Building, on
Sunday afternoon was a very pleasant affair.
The table was prettily decorated with carna-
tions and presided over by Misses Straight
and Daniels. Misses Lewis, Kerb, Joyce,
Swin, Fuelling and Mannix saw that
everyone was served. Invite a guest for next
Sunday, when it is expected the wives of
Post Officers will be with us.

Have you noticed several new things on
the menu? Salads and fruits are our de-
light. Now for a pie and less starch (or
glue) in the pudding. We thank you.

February entertainments will be in the
hands of the Reconstruction Aides. Cap-
able hands we find.

How fond we are of Nature and of ex-
ploring distant peaks!

If our news-items seem a trifle *stale* we
can easily explain. You see someone rushes
in from the press-room shouting, "four more
lines for the Nurses' page" and the office-
table is just a jumbled mess of copy—then
there is only one linotype machine. The
censor sometimes writes "kill," the "galley"
stuff isn't cut up and assigned quarters yet,
some things will get lost and some ought to
be and—now isn't it clear to you yet?

Lucky Miss Smith and Miss Scott! A
pleasant furlough and a safe return!



"SOME SUNDAY MORNING"

SUGGESTIONS TO OURSELVES

Our eyes forever on some sign
To help us plough a perfect line.

Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.

Life affords to the Soul, as it does to the
body, ways of GROWING STRONG.

Go with mean people and you will think
Life is mean.

Good manners are made up of little sacri-
fices.

Society gains nothing when one not him-
self renovated, attempts to renovate things
about him.

Next to the originator of a good sentence
is the quoter of it.—Emerson.

Bear ye one another's burdens.

GET WELL!

There is Spring in the air!
The winter of my illness is past.
The trees will all be in leaf soon
The flowers will be out next Sunday.
It is going to be an early Spring.
The Spring of my recovery.

BE HELPFUL

"The storm is over
The blue skies are clearing
I will
I command, that like a fresh wind
Rising and refreshing
My cheerful courage shall blow the clouds
away
From the bright blue morning."

The occasional photo goes to improve our
page so much. Send your prints in where
they hold a general interest. We shall be
glad to have them used in future issues.

EDITORIAL

Honest, Didja Ever Think?



DID you honestly ever stop to think what a big job it is to run this U. S. Government Hospital? Ever give it serious thought about the thousand and one details that are embraced in the administration of a military community of nearly two thousand population—with about half that population sick and naturally not in as good a humor as to see the bright side of things as the fellow who is in perfect health? Ever stop long enough to realize when you were “crabbing” about this and that not going right, that the men at the head of the Hospital are human the same as we are and are prone to making the same little mistakes that all humans are liable to? Ever stop to think that they put in as much and more time than the average enlisted man in accomplishing their duties to the best of their God-given abilities? Ever stop to think of the worry and endless detail that is involved in being the head of a big organization like this Hospital at Oteen? Didja now, honestly and deep down, ever give those things a thought?

If not, just get off by your lonesome some bright day, when your thoughts are running fifty-fifty, and try to conceive the countless little things that come up every day at Headquarters and have to be straightened out.

It wasn't so many moons ago that where this array of thoroughly modern hospital buildings stand was an endless cow pasture, and the lack of the touch of human hands had let it grow into a wild waste. Then overnight, from all I have heard, it was transformed into a safeharbor of cure for you and me. And the folks who did this, from the lowly day laborer, to the officers who patiently got the system into running order, did it with a deep-down desire to serve both their country—and us. It has been a big task—they have done it well—and my hat goes off to them at every opportunity. Now there are over a thousand of us here all the time going through the process of cure—and cured we are! For proof of that only watch the incoming ambulances—with lads pretty well shot to pieces—and then cast your eye upon the outgoing discharges. Every one of them hale fellows—and in the pink of physical condition.

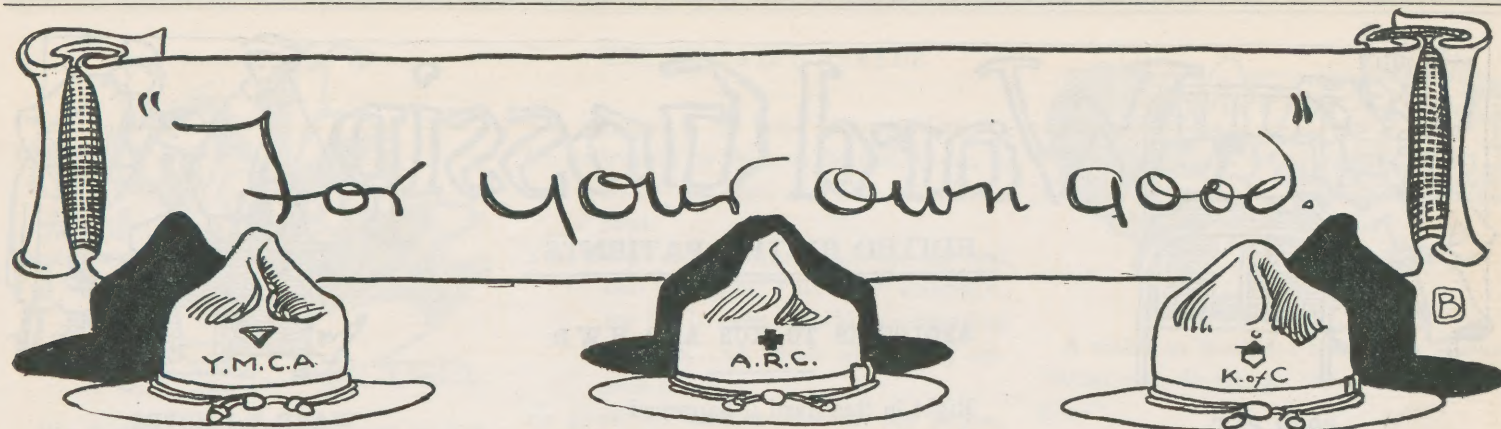
The work of the administrative forces is not altogether a bed of roses. It is not a job with just so much to do each day. It takes in the routine that is bound to be here—and it would fairly scare us if we knew the limits it carried them to. A case in point happened yesterday. One of the M.D.'s was in the middle of an important report. In comes a triangle of trouble—a nurse, an irate patient, and a ward man. They all felt they had grievances. He patiently listened to all sides. Then as a friend to all, he settled the differences and they went back to their stations happier in their own minds. But it took an hour and a half of his time to get the issue untangled—and his listening to that story necessitated his making up that time in the evening hours.

If anything seems to go wrong with the Hospital and some inquisitive outsider raises a howl, the blame falls on the Chief. After all is said and done, he is the brunt of most of the big things around an institution like this. The man in the ranks has nothing to worry about and often “crabs” without occasion.

Try to place yourself in the place of the man you're criticising if you ever do that, and think if you'd like to have his job.

SGT. JOSEPH GATER,
Signal Corps.





Sure enough, our educational work has had its beginning. Classes in elementary English are now held on five nights in the week, Monday to Friday, at six thirty o'clock. Privates Parker and Cain are generously giving their valuable assistance to the secretaries in the teaching. Later we hope to have classes for more advanced students.

▽ ▽

Now that the quarantine has been lifted, we are expecting a big truck-load of Philatheas from Asheville to attend our Sunday School tomorrow afternoon. The three "groups" will be getting busy now about the work of recruiting. Remember the hour, 3 P. M.

▽ ▽

Secretary Carter's stay with us at Oteen was brief. Our loss is Kenilworth's gain. The secretarial changes at the 'Y' have become almost as kaleidoscopic as those of staff Medical Officers. Such is army life! We shall probably have to report another change in our personnel after the present week.

▽ ▽

In strict justice and also due appreciation to an artist who entertained us at the "Y" last Monday night, we feel constrained to say that Francis Hendry is one of the most clever impersonators and entertainers we have seen in years. His efforts, together with those of Mrs. Hendry, surely did please the large crowd of patients who gathered with us on that night. We do not believe that we could afford to overlook the opportunity to speak some word of commendation of such worthy talent in a special field of endeavor as Mr. Hendry possesses, and furthermore we would consider his entertainment well worthy of presentation to the boys on the other side who so sadly need this kind of cheer and delectation. May he and Mrs. Hendry be successful in their ambition to reach those of our boys who remain yet on the other side.

Mrs. T. R. Lombard, the wife of our Field Director and a most able and enthusiastic Home Service official has been an inspiration to every member of the Red Cross personnel and to many of the boys, during her stay in the Red Cross House.

++

Other visitors in the House have been the relatives of the boys who were critically ill. There are two rooms available for this purpose and their use may be secured for two nights by permit from Capt. Cheeseborough. With his approval, this permit, may be extended for two additional nights, after which the Red Cross will undertake to find boarding places for the visitors near the reservation or in Asheville.

++

Very many of our friends among the boys leave each week and we wish they could know how genuinely they are missed.

++

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons from three to five, an electric iron is at the disposal of the boys who may need it, if they will register at the information desk.

++

The feature of the officers dance on Thursday evening was the most acceptable music furnished by the Post Orchestra, Lt. Clarke directing, for which Capt. Hays expressed the hearty appreciation of all the guests.

++

On Sunday, Chaplain Williams, from Kenilworth, preached a sermon that held the close attention of the Congregation at the morning service and was the subject of several discussions among the boys later in the day. The audience was the largest we have had at any religious service in the camp so far.

The usual weekly dance at the K. of C. Hut was resumed Friday night, and largely attended. Dances will continue to be on Tuesday nights hereafter as was the custom before the quarantine. The dance postponed till Friday night this week owing to the illness of our diligent Chaperon, Mrs. Hamilton.

★★

For the first time we were honored by having the new Oteen Orchestra at the Post play for our dance. Much praise was spoken for Lieut. Clarke and his men who furnished REAL music with the "Pep."

★★

We are all very sorry to learn that our kind friend and mother to us all, Mrs. O. C. Hamilton, of Asheville, is suffering with an attack of the "Flu."

★★

Mr. Edward Lenihan, Supervisor in the Southern department for the Knights of Columbus War Activities visited our building Tuesday and returned to Department Director's office in Savannah, very much enthused with the work that is being done at Oteen.

★★

Rev. Migamini at General Hospital No. 12, celebrated mass again last Sunday in the absence of a Catholic Chaplain at this Post. We are expecting the arrival of a new Catholic Chaplain this week.

★★

Don't forget that we sell OTEEN copies at the Hut and have the stamped wrappers also for your convenience in mailing them which are sold for one cent, the same as a one-cent stamp.

★★

We wish to remind you of the new orders that have been recently published requesting that our building be closed at ten P. M. every night. We beg your co-operation on this order..





POOR PAT

Dame Fortune's knocks are full of shocks.
You cannot nail her in a box.
She's sly and shift as a fox.

Before he made munitions, Pat
Was eating at the Automat.
While he was making guns and things
He dined on viands fit for kings.

The war fell flat.
Unthrifty Pat
Is eating at
The Automat!

★ ★

January 29th.—Miss Margaret Biggerstaff, Reconstruction Aide of I-6 gave the boys of her ward a dandy party in their solarium.

Invitations were given to each of the boys in the morning, and needless to say, they all dolled up in their best. 7 P. M. sharp, Miss Biggerstaff, accompanied by a bevy of handsome aides arrived with several ukaleles and a mandolin and the fun started.

The aides played and sang songs; and they had the boys grinning from ear to ear with many novel parlor games. Ice cream and delicious fruit cake was passed around to all, which proved a treat.

Miss Biggearstaff also delighted and surprised us by singing that favorite old song, "The Old Oaken Bucket." Nine o'clock came too quickly for us all; but the two hours of enjoyment were voted a huge success by the boys. The guest of honor was "Private Kennedy," the noted engineer.

CORP. F. O. JOHNSON.

★ ★

IN THE GUARD HOUSE

Offending Buck—"Say, how about it? Don't I get released pretty soon?"

Sergeant of the Guard—"The skipper hasn't said anything about it yet."

Buck—"Well, Sarge, just slip him the tip that the release of Allied prisoners is one of the terms of the armistice."

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

APOLOGIES TO KCB AND H.W.D.

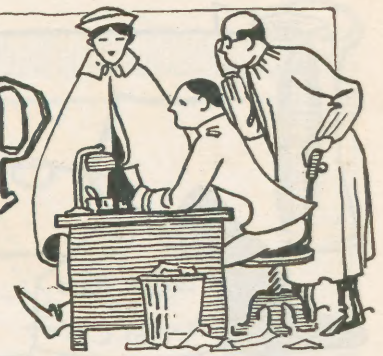
Right in this ward it happened
I was lonesome—maybe bored
And a girl
Asked me what my outfit was
I told her. She talked
And I wasn't so blue
She came again and brought
Wonderful things to eat —
The kind Mother used to make
She talked of
Paris and Poilus
Cocktails and cabarets
Automobiles and dogs—
Fifth Avenue and operations
And I was puzzled—am yet.

Why did she do all that for
One she doesn't know . . . who
Never amounted to much—
Perhaps never would.
Who is she—what does
She do—her ambition
—a girl like that? Is
She rich or just eccentric?
I never saw one before—
And wonder what her game was.

This story has no object. Just
Thoughts running through a
Soldier's mind as he loafs
And smokes the cigarettes
Given by a girl like this
Maybe the world isn't bad—or
The people in it.
Some day I'll find out that
Everyone wants to make
The world brighter
Like this little girl.
Who is a good scout, tho' I
Don't savy her at all.

I'm going now and get my
Temperature taken—
Then smoke some more and
Think about this little lady
And just wonder and wonder
About things and things.
I thank her.

R.



WARD N-I NOTES

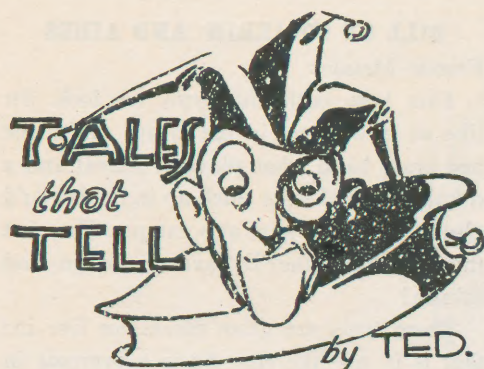
"Prof." C. B. Rogers of this ward gave the first of a series of lectures to his fellow-patients on his experiences in a T-B sanatorium previous to his entrance to this man's army. Rogers looks like a cherub and speaks with all the sweetness and oratory of W. J. Bryan, and was very convincing besides. He told of his long weeks in bed which he, and his fellows, went through without kicking (except to himself). He surprised his audience when he told them that after eight months of treatment he had to be requested to leave, even when he felt that he would like to stay, after he knew he had been cured. He told about the many restrictions at the hospital which every one thought were made to see how miserable the patients could be made to feel; but which he later figured were made for the benefit of the patients after years of experience. And there were stories of men who went over the hill because they felt there was nothing the matter with them and paid the price by having a heomorrhage and "cashing in," and other men who thought they had no T. B. butonly a "cigarette cough," and still others who took the cure like men and came through like men and lived decent, full, enjoyable lives.

Rogers is one of a trio, the others are Jimmy Moore and Tom Torrance, who are the champion Gloom Killers of North America and are willing to challenge any trio in the universe, weights and terms to be announced later. They have done some effective work right in their own ward, so that even Lister has ceased talking about his ailments or how well he is and how much he really ought to be out of bed, or expiate on the value of Peruna or Lydia Pinkhams as a cure for his "bronkial" trouble and the T-Bs.

—J. B. S.

★ ★

I know a certain patient
And I've often heard him say,
"Cigarettes are my best friends,
And I never give my friends away."



We have a real Mess Sergeant at last, more power to you, Wilson.

Ben Feinstein, likewise Sergeant of the hill brigade, formerly song-plugger for Leo Feist can surely warble some, hear his two latest, "Pickaninny's Paradise," and "Come on, Papa."

Corporal Scully has all the good looking fair sex of Asheville gazing after him in rapture as he passes by.

Sergeant Ruff's main hobby is to whiz by on that Motor-cycle. Better get some chains as the rainy weather is approaching.

Capt. Kamuhle recently at Hotel E 5, 6, 7, has joined the higher altitude and it is now thru him that you say Good-by and ???

Miss Guy seems to enjoy the air up yonder. How about it?

Miss Osmond don't forget to send me those promised photos, address c/o Loew's Seventh Avenue Theatre, N. Y. City and when you are around drop in and see a good show just ask for me. Nuff Sed.

My, but doesn't the writer of this column think an awful lot of himself. Can't help it. Its the climate that makes me this way.

Wanted — A college widow by some boarders who understand her. After reading the above you say, "Well, I wonder how he gets that way?" But I was on my way last Wednesday and kind and gentle reader at this moment I am at Camp Dix, N. J., near N. Y., wondering as you are, when I will be able to come and go without the aid of a pass or to stand *Parade Rest, Atten-shun 'As You Were!'* Boys, its only a buck private with a five dollar pair of imitation leather putts. Good luck to you all. Yours until the next war only as a private, but ambitious,

TEDDY SISTARE.

★ ★

P. S.—Radford is looking for a new editor of the above weekly nonsense which is all in fun. If you are the man you win the column!

THE PRIVATE'S PRAYER

The Sergeant is my boss, I cannot deny it. He leadeth me by the nose, he maketh me to scrub all day, for the Hospital's sake.

Yea, though I work through all the day and half the night, I dare not complain, for he is over me; his overbearing manners and harsh words they silence me.

He giveth me neither chevrons nor stripes, and I have to be content without them.

He maketh an example of me in the presence of the other boys; my cup runneth over with tears.

Surely hard luck and misfortune will not follow me all the days of my life, and I shall not have to dwell in the Army forever!

★ ★

If Private K. will return that fresh egg he took from my table no further action will be taken in the matter. Twenty-four hours only will be allowed him.

CORP. F. O. J.

★ ★

Oh J. B. Isn't it a "grand and glorious feeling" when you got all those Xmas packages, and her last letter "wasn't even so cool," to receive her wedding announcement all of a sudden—just like that!

★ ★

Miss Hopkins, we are feeling fine tonight, don't bother.

★ ★

Visitors to C-2, beware the Dog!

★ ★

Sergeant, we like to hear your voice in the choir at the Red Cross on Sundays, but we'll be darned if we want to hear it at midnight while swapping experiences with the pretty

★ ★

Norris, where do you go every night at 7 P. M.?

★ ★

Mac, be careful!

★ ★

Sunday afternoon two officers promenading thru the reservation clad in white breeches and shirt sleeves—an unmistakable sign of spring.

P. A. R.



GIFT

A visitor to Ward I-3 asked Pvt. Walker, "What was de mattah wif de man nex to him?"

"Dey can't tell. He eats an he sleeps all right, an' he stays out in de sun parlor in de sun all day, but he cain't do no wukk at all."

"He cain't wukk?"

"Not a bit."

The visitor raised his eyes to heaven. "Law dat ain't no disease what he hab. Dat air am a gift."

— ★ —

A certain bed patient of Oteen asked the doctor, "Don't you think a change to a warmer place would do me good?"

"Heavens, man!" replied the doctor, "that's just what I'm trying to save you from."

— ★ —

CHEER UP

When you feel all fussed up and discouraged,

And everything seems to go wrong, Just wipe off the frown, and lift up your head,

Start singing some gay little song That carries you back to Use-to-be-land

And takes away sorrow to day— You will see the frowns and worries Will quietly fade away.

— ★ —

Negro Soldier (To Corporal Sam Johnson, who is wearing the Border and Vera Cruz campaign ribbons)—"Sam, what am dem ribbons fo'?"

Corpl. Johnson—"Well, sah, Ah don't jes' know fo' sho', but dey tells me dat dis un is fo' gittin' into Mexico ain' dis un fo' gittin' out."

— ★ —

Sergeant—"Now suppose you found a lighted bomb on your post and you knew it was about to explode. What would you do?"

Rookie—"Turn it over to the captain of my company, sir."

WARD 3 7 12 WARD E1 WARD 6 9 ARD 8 RD 4 WARD C2 WARD 5 D 10 ARD 11 YARD 15 0



THE REST (?) PERIOD

1:00 p.m.—I climb into bed, and settle down for the afternoon rest. Everything is peaceful.

1:01 p.m.—A burst of music. A motor truck, loaded with crates and a fatigue party rolls majestically by. Judging from their singing, the men are in good spirits.

1:12 p.m.—Enter hurriedly a light truck, equipped with a shrill horn. A few selections are rendered as it passes.

1:16 p.m.—A heavy truck carrying six men rolls in from the right. As it passes my bed, the horn is tooted several times, to warn some passerby in the vicinity of the Red Cross House.

1:20 p.m.—A fatigue party armed with buckets enters from the right. The point has not taken sufficient distance, and communicates with the advance party by shouting. Messages are passed back in the same manner to the main body, which is shoving an oil-less push-cart.

1:25 p.m.—The light truck comes back again, still in a hurry, but sparing time to render a few more horn selections.

1:27 p.m.—A motorcycle with sidecar appears from the left. As it reaches the center of the stage, the soldier running it remembers that he has no time to lose, so he cuts out his muffler and vanishes.

1:28 p.m.—A very rattly push-cart, propelled by a nonchalant man, enters, conveyed by a party armed with rakes and forks. As they dawdle past, they argue about their chances for discharge.

1:36 p.m.—With a merry jingling, an iron wheelbarrow loaded with dishpans passes.

1:48 p.m.—A soldier strolls in from the left, giving vent to a burst of joyous melody. He is overtaken by two soldiers in a Red Cross car. Those two, having no music in their breasts, jeer loudly, and honk their horn.

1:52 p.m.—The large truck with the fatigue party returns, pursued by friends on foot shouting for a lift.

1:55 p.m.—The Red Cross car is back, tooting vigorously at something invisible to the naked eye.

2:10 p.m.—Armour & Company delivery truck rolls past.

2:15 p.m.—A motorcycle with one soldier in the side-car goes by to the Post Exchange.

2:28 p.m.—Heavy truck with fatigue party comes through. This is a different one from the last heavy truck, as this has clanking skid-chains, and the fatigue party whistles instead of singing.

2:29 p.m.—Sidecar is back, in great haste, with a noise like a Vickers-Maxim, only more so.

2:32 p.m.—Sidecar returns, faster and louder than in its passage three minutes ago. I fear it is getting unmanageable.

2:39 p.m.—Constructing Q. M. car is back, emitting hoarse hoots and rattling its loose pieces.

2:41 p.m.—Empty sidecar appears, squeaking, gasping badly, and fading into the distance with loud screams.

2:45 p.m.—Q.M.C. car rattles back in a hurry.

2:49 p.m.—Runabout, driven by a soldier, enters, and salutes officers resting on their porch with three deep bass hoots.

2:50 p.m.—Milk truck backs up to the building, and its occupants deliver milk, slam cans around, and clash bottles. This continues for several minutes.

2:52 p.m.—Car driven by a civilian passes. Very remarkable, as it makes practically no noise.

2:57 p.m.—Runabout returns, being careful not to omit the salute.

2:58 p.m.—Milk truck concludes deliveries and departs.

3:00 p.m.—“The tumult and the shouting dies. The captains, etc., depart,” and go inside from their porch, feeling thankful that the day has been a little more quiet than usual. At least the fire truck has not been out for exercise. What do you mean—rest period?

BILL ON SOLJERIN' AND AIDES

Freude Maude:

This here outfit is gettin ter look jist like as if we were in the army. With the noo brass band what plays at retreat and a coupler rows of tents stuck up in fields you'd almost think we were at a camp. The next thing yer kno they'll have us drillin and salutin!

Them tents are grate places ter live in; that is if yer like em—So is a overcoat in summer—Yer don't have ter bother about turnin on the steam or turnin out the lites and on rainy days yer dont even have ter bathe. Me fer the barracks, Maude, with all their inconveniences. I like ter look at a ceilin when I wakes up in the mornin, not at the north star. Sleepin in them tents is like sleepin in a cave. One of the fellers got up kind a late the other mornin, and before he could collect all his close he had ter go out fer revelry. The sargent he spys a shiverin white somethin standin there on line and runs up to this guy and yells “what the devil yer mene by comin out ter roll call without yer pants.” The guy he kind a blushes and sez “I bunk in the tents sarge, and I couldn't find em in the dark.” “Find em hell” spouts the topper, “why did'n't you strike a match.” “Well yer see sarge, my matches are in my pants pockets”—That's all he answered and now he is shovellin coal fer a week.

We got a new gang of girls here at the post. They're called ‘Resurrection Aids.’ They teach the pashunts this kindergarten stuff, like basket weavin and crocheyin. Fine things fer soldjers to be doin. I don't bother with em Maude, they're to fancy fer me. Yer outer see em all dolled up in they're litle blue outfits wearin sweaters of a delekate shade of green or yellor. They must of thort they wuz comin to Palm Beach by the looks of em. The offisers, theyre puttin in some grate licks these days. I nose one of em whose knittin o doily, jest ter show he's interested. I wished his wife cud see him. Don't worry Maude, none of em kin vamp me, tho I wished one of em would try ter.

I hopes Maude, you're gotten over this showin off and quit usin that lip stick. There aint no need fer it now that I'm back here agin. Besides its only the rich what kin afford them luxurys.

Yer hopeful pardner

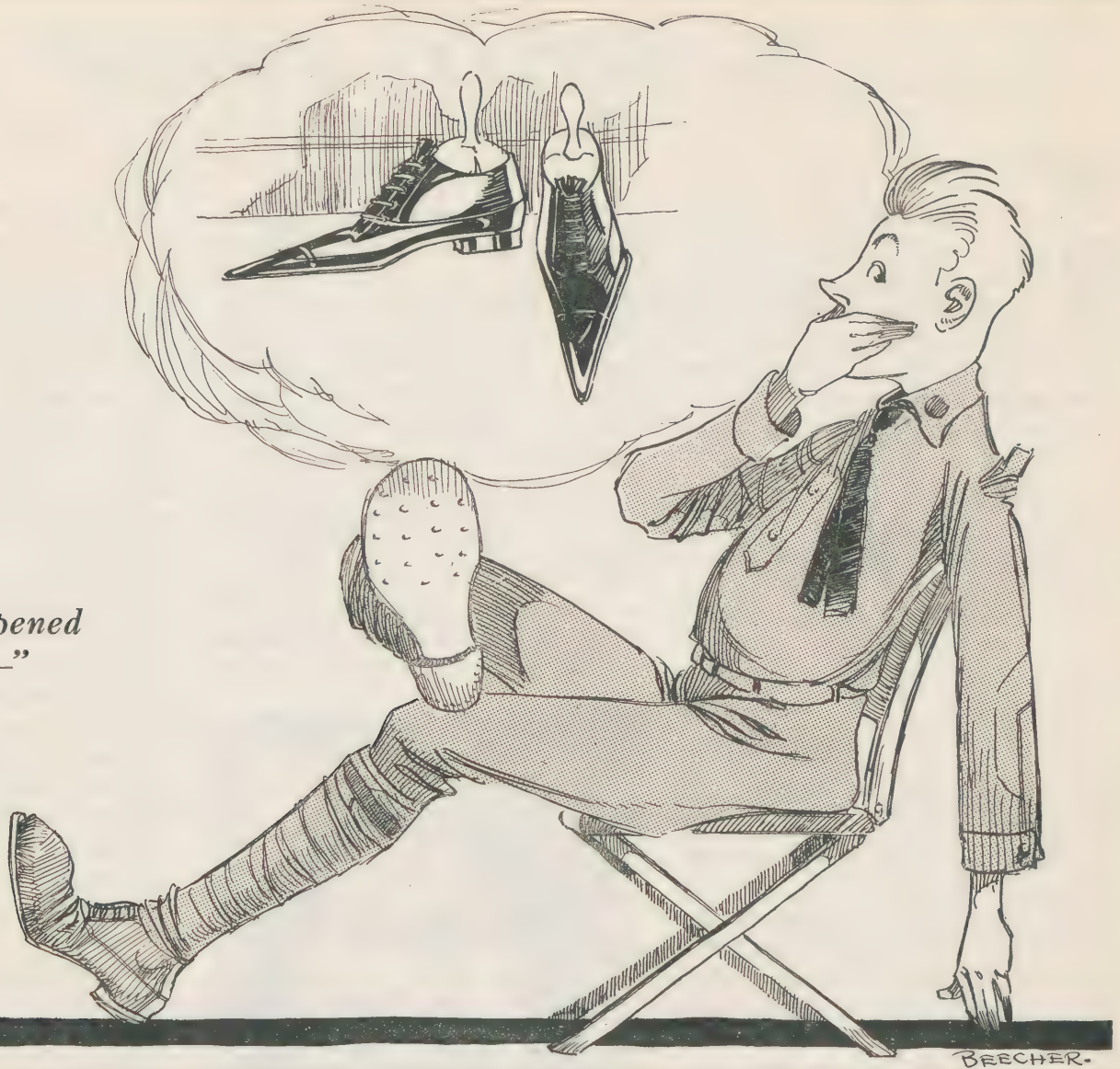
BILL

Soldier—“There goes ‘The Call of the Wild.’”

'Nother One—“What's that?”

“The mess call!”

*"I just happened
to think——"*



BEECHER.

HOME SERVICE OF THE RED CROSS

By ROSE LOMBARD

Most of us have known that there was a department of the Red Cross before the war, known as Civilian Relief, which looked after people in times of great disaster—the San Francisco earthquake or the Dayton Flood. Very few, even of those who have given generously of their time and means to Red Cross during the War Drives, have understood, however, how the Civilian Relief has broadened out in its Home Service work.

When Uncle Sam began to uproot the fathers, brothers, and husbands of thousands of homes in this country, it became at once apparent that if the courage of the soldier in camp and trench was to be maintained there must not be a flood of letters from the home-folks pouring into the camps and overseas, telling of tangles and difficulties, distress and despair, in the homes from which the mainstay had suddenly been removed. A blue letter from home is a lump of lead in the pocket and heart of a soldier. The Home

Service of the Red Cross undertakes to cut down the number of blue letters from home by organizing a system of Home Service committees in connection with the almost universal Red Cross Chapter. These Home Service workers have been most carefully trained for their special work. Although these workers have been hurriedly brought together by the emergency of war and many of them are still learning the art of friendly neighborliness, Red Cross ideals have been so high and fine, and Red Cross instructions so explicit, that there has been little of the "blundering kindness" that would have resulted in wounded feelings. The Home Service worker was taught that it was her privilege as an agent of the Red Cross, which had pledged the soldier that his family should not suffer distress during his absence, to give not charity or alms, but friendly aid that since time immemorial good neighbor has given to neighbor.

The whole spirit of Home Service is summed up in that phrase "neighborly helpfulness." Sometimes it takes the form of a loan

of money until allotment and allowance can be straightened out; sometimes an outright gift when the soldier's family cannot hope to repay. Many times it has taken the form of medical aid, supplied oftenest by the local doctor on the Home Service committee; but in thousands of instances the Home Service worker has helped straighten out legal tangles, given advice and comfort to the lonely or anxious mother or wife, succeeded in getting special word to or from the soldier, or has helped keep the children in school when they had been withdrawn, perhaps, in order to become wage earners in the war emergency, or sometimes when the father had been in the habit of controlling them and the mother, alone, could not.

The Home Service worker never goes to a family with a cut-and-dried plan for its assistance. No two families are alike, each has its own hopes, ambitions, problems, strength or weaknesses. To find out what the soldier's family wants or needs, to get behind and push, using the means which the

(Continued on page 20)

The BATTLES of BRUNO

(Oteen's Own War Story)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

CHAPTER I

OVER the pearly gray dimness of the quivering eastern sky, like the faint blush that suffuses the cheek of some awakening maid, amidst a stillness that seemed eloquent by its very air of suspense, dawn was gently busting.

"Ta-te-da-de-da-de-da" — the silvery clear notes of a bugle sounded through the streets of Camp Pep and before the last note had died away there was a stir of activity among the clustered barracks where men at arms had but a moment since been sleeping the deep, long sleep of youth. Happy voices began to haloo down the streets, calling glad greetings back and forth in the manner so familiar to all our readers, who have ever had the good fortune to be in an army post around the hour of reveille. In all the squad rooms there was gay chaffing as one man sought for his elusive socks and another broke his leggin' string. You know the sort of chaffing we mean.

In an incredibly short time a manly figure began to stride down the stree of A Company blowing upon his brightly shining whistle and crying as he blew: "Come, boys, come, do not keep your commanding officer waiting." He was none other than the top sergeant and it was easy to see how his boys loved him, for he had not called more than eight or ten times when out from their barracks leaping and skipping at very joy of being alive on such a beautiful morning came the men of A Company, shouting, "Here we are, sergeant. See how quickly we obey your slightest whim."

* * *

An order rang out and the soldier boys fell into a line that looked for all the world like some huge snake about to coil himself about the hapless figure of his prey. At the sight of it from the post of vantage at one end the big, black eyes of the top sergeant flashed proudly. At the extreme left of this line several of the boys were seen to be bending forward peering down so as to catch the approving eye of their beloved superior, while others more modest, were shrinking back and still others were moving back and forth so as not to crowd their comrades.

It was all a work of love to our beloved Top Sergeant. To those that knew him

well it was just "Sergeant Jim." Patiently he would straighten out one end of the line. Elusively the other end would sag — and he'd have to go back and bolster it up—oh so patiently every time. And you must know that the top kick of our company was by way of being a wit and many were the comical expressions that fell from his lips while the line was being formed. "Number three of the rear rank, suck in your gut." "Snap out of your dope; this ain't no Camp-Fire Girls outing," and many other quizzical sayings fell from his lips before he gave the command: "Front," and stepped forward to salute the stalwart young lieutenant who had come to see that



"OUR HERO"

all was well with those under his command. No sooner had the lieutenant gone than the sergeant read out from a scrap of paper in his hand the names of those fortunate young men who were to be especially honored for that day. And although as every reader of books about army life knows, discipline forbids much loud conversation in the ranks, there were nevertheless suppressed murmurs of approval as this man was assigned to the woodpile and that man was made kitchen police. "Goody," each man would say as his task was assigned, and many were the blessings heaped upon the head of the top sergeant.

Among those who went on glad-some feet to the kitchen, there to spend a jolly day among the pots and pans and mops and rags, singing and whistling with the other boys was our hero, Bruno.

It has already taken us so much space to give the reader a realistic description of camp life as it is actually lived and introduce our hero in his proper setting that gosh darn it all here we are at the end of the chapter already. But above all things don't get low in your mind about the fact that nothing more is going to happen in this instalment. Like any high-grade serial writer it takes us a little while to warm up. Of course if we were just writing low-brow stuff we would have hung Bruno off the end of a cliff with the Prussian guards shooting spots out of him, right at the start. Then we would have had you all going around with your tongues out waiting for the next issue of the OTEEN. But that ain't our style. We always got mad as anything when we were reading serials that broke off just as the hammer of the revolver was about to fall and bump off the hero and his jane. It always happend that we'd forget to buy the next number telling how the hero busted the villain right in the nose and took his gat away and kicked him all over Schleswig-Holstein and perhaps it wouldn't be for months later that we'd remember that we never found out what happened. Sometimes we'd lie awake nights wondering and then we wouldn't be good for anything the next day and the boss would get sore at us and talk about drinking and all that, like knowing, the poor, low-down skunk what was on our mind.

No, sir, give us sub-tile stuff, as our buddy Sgt. Kahn says. If anyone thinks that this serial isn't going to be a faithful picture of army life he's out of step and we all know that even a brave man like Bruno can't be fighting and making love in every chapter. But if you'll be sure to get next week's issue of THE OTEEN we'll guarantee that you won't be disappointed. We don't want to give too much away but just in passing we will remark that in Chapter 2 we introduce you to the heroine that sends Bruno all that mail and, perhaps if we get really warmed up, we may tell you about the awful fight that Bruno had with the Mess Sergeant. [To be continued next week]

LOCAL NOTES

Some colder next week.

This paper's candidate for president in 1920 is none other than Lt. Col. Henry W. Hoagland.

Sgt. Matthew Beecher, our genial artist has gone on an extended visit to the big city.

Baron Bean—one of our foremost citizens has journeyed to Asheville for the week end.

Big Aanested's big brass band brings brightness to blues.

Most of our resident citizens were nigh tickled to death at the free access to the neighboring towns at the week end:—the flu and small politics having kept them away.

Lt. Waller, one of our old-young citizens is well on the road to recovery.

Lou Swift and Og Armour of Chicago, spent the week at the National capital.

Several unique dinner parties were given Sunday at the Crystal Cafe, Asheville.

Through indisposition (and restriction) many of our beloved community spent Sunday at home repenting for their deeds of omission.

Lt. Hart is shooting a dashing game of pool this season.

Lts. Seiff and Gbzurkyzsky walked to Asheville on last Sunday accompanied by their cameras.

Sgt. Leonard of the Medical Supplies, has been having the mumps.

Our former fellow citizen Carl Erpf was seen strolling up a swell known New York boulevard bedecked in strange finery.

Lt. and Mrs. White spent Sunday at home.

Sgt. Andrews is furloughing at his home in Biloxi, Miss.

Sgts. Jim Mindheim and Bishop are still holding things down at the village centre.

The Ground Hog made his appearance on Sunday last.

Maj. McDowell is acting chief of Medical Staff in the absence of Maj. Loomis.

The reconstruction aides presented Lt. Hooker with a handsome 18 ounce right-handed pool cue, 1919 model.

Sgt. Gormley has recovered from a severe attack of lumbago.

INTERVIEWS WITH OTEEN'S PROMINENT PEOPLE

COCK ROBIN, *Canteen-worker.*

Q.—I am a representative of the OTEEN and just strolled in here to get an inexpensive meal.

A.—You're in the right place, brother. One of our sixty cent meals should fit the pocket-book of any soldier.

Q.—That's fine, tell me who contributes to the support of this activity.

A.—We are backed by the War Department at Washington.

Q.—So you are in the Service?

A.—Yes, sir, we are selected and commissioned to come down here and do this work.

Q.—What commission do you hold?

A.—Ahem-ah!—I'm a sort of top sergeant in the canteen service.

Q.—You must be specially qualified to do this work?

A.—You bet I am, I am a member of the clergy and an all around good fellow.

Q.—So I see; shoot you a game of pool!

A.—Sure thing, make it for a pack of Camels.

Q.—You have a rather attractive place

here; that gold and green combination on the walls is quite glaring.

A.—That's my own idea. I always was a great hand at color schemes, I'm just full of art. It's instinctive, my son is that way too. Why at the races—

Q.—You don't mean to tell me that a man of your standing plays the ponies?

A.—Ah, ah, why certainly, my boy, just for pleasure, just for pleasure; an occasional bet on my own horse. Say, you play a good game of pool, you've got me three up.

Q.—You do surprise me!

A.—Oh, yes, I'm very versatile. I'm known to play the best hand of poker in the New England States, and why as to art I'm a connoisseur of everything that is pretty; paintings, landscapes, women, nature and so on.

Q.—Surely, that is evidenced by the color of your vest and socks. You are a remarkable man, won't you tell me some more of yourself?

A.—Really my boy, modesty forbids me. I used to own and operate three moving picture theatres in my home town; until they didn't pay any longer. I converted them into community dance halls for the recreation of the working classes. I am the majority stock-holder and president of the Deep-sea Copper Company, Ltd. Our purpose is to dive for and procure copper from sunken ships. There's millions in it. For the sum of—

Q.—Sorry, sir, I'm not interested, not on thirty per. However it seems as if pool is not your forte. I trimmed you this time. So long, I must be getting on.

A.—Good morning my boy. Drop in again and we will play some more.

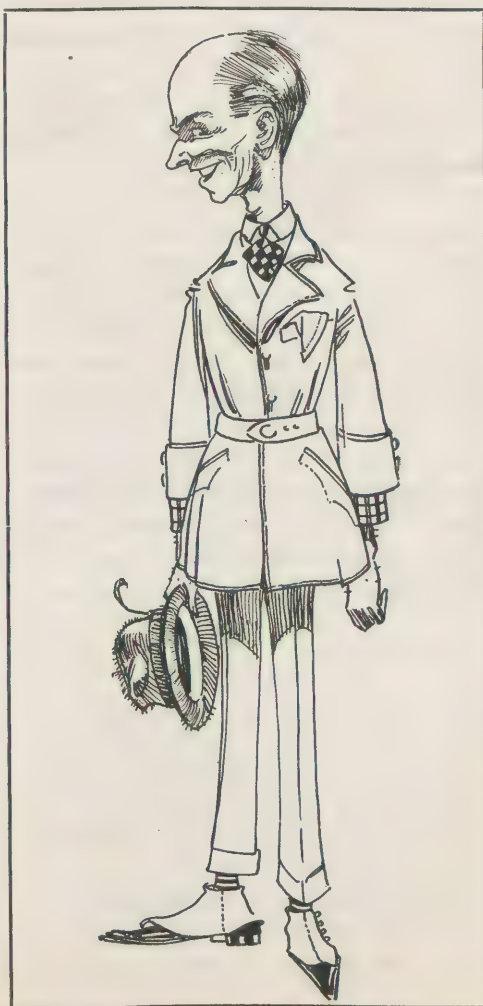
Q.—How about my pack of Camels?

A.—Oh yes, Oh, yes, I forgot.

GUARD HOUSE PARODIES

O, how I hate to stay in the Guard House;
O, but I would like to be out again,
For the saddest call of all,
Is to hear the Sergeant call,
You got to get up,
You got to get up,
You got to get up this morning.
Some day we're going to murder the Sergeant,
Some day you're going to find him dead.
If he calls around here often
We're going to put him in a coffin
And we'll spread the news that he is dead.

PRIVATE D—





NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, DETACHMENT, MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 19, OTEEN, N. C.

SGT. W. I. BOWEN
SGT. W. E. FELTON
SGT. C. E. CLARK

SGT. A. LEMIEUX
SGT. H. J. CONWAY
SGT. M. BEECHER, JR.

SGT. G. S. CARTER
SGT. I-C W. J. KNIGHT
SGT. I-C C. M. BOLSER

SGT. I-C E. J. LOEWY
Q. M. SGT. C. H. THIBAUT
SGT. I-C B. L. HEYMAN

SGT. I-C J. RUFF
SGT. I-C A. R. GORMLEY
SGT. I-C L. E. BISHOP

HOSP. SGT. S. J. MINDHEIM
SGT. I-C R. R. RADFORD
SGT. I-C H. GOLDMAN

SGT. I-C H. S. CALVIN
SGT. I-C E. S. BLACK
SGT. I-C R. J. PIERCE

SGT. I-C D. C. ANDREWS
SGT. I-C W. M. FOX
SGT. I-C C. H. CAMPBELL

SGT. A. C. STEIN
SGT. N. WEISS
SGT. H. J. HORNIK

SGT. I-C L. H. GRIMM
SGT. W. COOEY
SGT. N. SUSSMAN
SGT. L. KRIEGER

SGT. W. B. TREWHELLA
SGT. S. R. FOX
SGT. P. A. NORTHAM
SGT. P. J. MEIDINGER

CORP. S. WAKEMAN
SGT. G. C. DOTZOUR
SGT. H. A. LARRABEE
SGT. W. D. ADDIS

CORP. S. LASKY
SGT. V. L. HINMAN
SGT. J. F. BELL
SGT. F. TAMPKE

SGT. K. LEONARD
CORP. W. E. GILLIGAN
CORP. C. MAYER
CORP. H. A. MORRIS

CORP. L. KRUGER
SGT. B. FEINSTEIN
SGT. M. ENGLANDER
SGT. E. W. PIATT

SITTING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

SGT. A. S. R. DELSOHN
CORP. B. ROTT
SGT. W. L. LANNING

CORP. T. B. SUTTON
SGT. N. E. LADD
SGT. L. K. BIERCK
CORP. F. K. BARTELS

SGT. I. T. JOHNSTON
SGT. J. E. DOYLE
SGT. J. FEINSTEIN
SGT. I-C H. F. FREEMAN

CORP. I. BOOSIN
SGT. H. J. WYNN
CORP. F. L. HORNBERGER
CORP. S. COULTER

CORP. M. D. KORNFIELD
CORP. L. K. SCHELLINGER
SGT. W. E. BARNES
SGT. J. A. EISKAMP

SGT. A. H. RITTER
SGT. C. C. BLACKMON
CORP. J. BARNISH

STANDING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

PROMOTIONS

The following promotions, Medical Department, this Post, became effective from February 1st:

To Sergeants, 1st Class: Harry Freeman; Walter E. Barnes; Leslie H. Grimm.

To Sergeants: Kenneth Leonard; William B. Trehwella; Otto Aasted; John Scully; Josef Feinstein; Louis Carter; Paul Feldherr; Elmer E. Newell; P. H. Senn; Virgil Chambers; S. F. Long; M. F. Anderson.

To Corporals: Henry Hall; John W. Lawrence; Walter H. Sailors; Joel M. Moore; Charles Moyer; Paul R. K. Donahoe; William E. Reynolds; Sherman Adcock; Roy C. Moon; Lee W. Elgin; Walter Adron.

To Cooks: Fulton E. Denman; A. H. Connor; Elmer T. Baer; H. B. Barnes; H. B. Truelove; Dave Reynolds; D. W. McCart; I. Baronoff; William Levin.

To Surgical Assistants: Fred R. DeFord; LeRoy DeLoach.

To Privates, 1st Class: J. F. Jarzenbeck; G. Johnson; S. L. Tuton; S. W. Douglas; Paul Laggis; Edgar Smith; Pete Koslovski; J. R. Rogers; C. R. Ramsey; B. H. Savage; T. J. Barnett; Charley E. Y'Barbo; J. E. Waites; R. L. McQuaig; V. C. Blankenship; Joseph Niebalski; H. Durham; J. P. Bowers; J. M. Maltry; Wiley Green; J. E. Mann; J. C. Young; J. D. Glenn; E. H.

Linzy; C. A. Hogan; E. W. Cantrell; Will Jordan; G. E. Bateman; Johnnie Durdin; J. F. Mullis; J. Parnell; H. T. Benton; P. A. Wilson; C. E. Healan; C. Raby; A. E. Cromer; J. Parker; C. T. Reed; William M. Turner; A. Maiuri; D. F. Self; J. A. Robinson; W. R. Corbett; L. G. Bennett; J. D. Bryant; W. D. Studstill; J. Campbell; Tom Lane; H. Davenport; F. Gurney; C. Moore; Preston Hinson; Bill West; W. Boyd; P. C. Perry; C. Collins; Lonnie M. Pierce; J. L. Cooper; R. C. Rivers; Ira E. Bush; Earl F. Jones; L. W. Bowen; W. H. McGaga; Thorp Starling; Stewart Dempsey; Henry Fields; George D. Hellgren; Asa P. Panches; Chester Bashore; Kenyon Banks; Byro Braidwood; James Mackintosh; Allen F. Lenicheck; A. Bellocasa; William J. Sprinkle; J. H. LaPlaca; Franklin Dowling; Sidney Harrington; Louis Gottlieb; James W. Hochbaum; Cromwell Stroud; Max A. Shipley; William P. Thaxton; R. D. Wall; W. W. Cason; Carl Sanderson.

YES AND NO!!

And then there's Sergt. Gormsley,
Who rose up in the rank.
A fellow said the other day,
That he had money in the bank,
But I cannot believe it,
Not in that young man's life.
According to Hoyle, impossible,
For the poor lad has a wife.

ARMY PAPER WORK

(With Apologies to the Vampire R. K.)

By C. D. D.

A Lieut. there was, and he'd lots of hair,
(Even as you and I?)
And his brow was furrowed with carking
care,
And he wore an awfully anxious air
As he spoiled his 89's he would madly tear
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the ink we use, and we think abuse!
Oh, the labor of pen and hand.
And all on the Paper we do not know
(And now we see that one never *could*
know)
And do not understand.
(Even as you and I)

A fool he was, this silly lieut.,
He thought he'd gone into the Army to re-
coup,
But we knew better, and gave him the hoot.
He spoiled forty forms, and three vouchers
to boot!
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the paper we waste, and the woe we
taste,
And the forms we spoil—Good land!
And all on a job that we do not know,
(And how in thunder could anyone know?)
And do not understand.

THE WEARING OF UNIFORMS BY DISCHARGED MEN

Present law authorizes a discharged officer or soldier to wear his uniform from the place of discharge to his home, within three months of the date of his discharge from the service. Thereafter the officer may wear his uniform only upon occasions of ceremony.

The enlisted man must return his uniform within four months of date of discharge; but can wear it only as stated above.

An act is now before Congress, which if passed, will authorize enlisted men to keep the uniform which they are permitted to wear home, and to wear that particular uniform only, provided some distinctive mark or insignia, to be issued by the War Department, shall be worn.

It will thus be clearly seen that neither under existing or proposed law will a discharged soldier be permitted to wear uniforms made by civilian or other tailors. They may legally wear only the particular uniform which they have been permitted to retain.

No person will be permitted to solicit orders for, or deliver uniforms to soldiers about to be discharged. Persons or concerns persisting in selling uniforms to such soldiers, after having been warned not to do so, will not be permitted to come on or do business on the reservation.

By order of the Secretary of War.

CIVIL LIFE COMMANDS

Commands for troops in action and in drill need not fall into disuse with the end of the war. Most of them may still be used with telling effect in civil life. As, for instance:

Traffic cop, to line of motorists: "In place—Halt!"

Busy business man to waiter: "Double time—March!"

Young woman, to her returning soldier-fiance: "Present arms!"

Shopper, to saleswoman: "Charge."

Swimming instructor, to his pupil: "Fall in!"

Irate mother, to daughter who has applied rouge: "As you were!"

Hotel clerk, to bellhop: "Front!"

Modiste, to customer in hobble skirt: "Half step—March!"

Impatient father, to young men staying late with his daughters: "Company dismissed!"

Tailor, to customer he is fitting: "About face!"

Discerning mother, to her little son, after his bath: "Inspection arms!"

Economical landlord, to his prodigal furnace-stoker: "Cease firing!" —LIFE.

Beautiful Nurse (in dispensary)—"Sergeant, I want some powder."

Sergeant—"Face, gun or bug?"

STARS NOT OFFICIAL

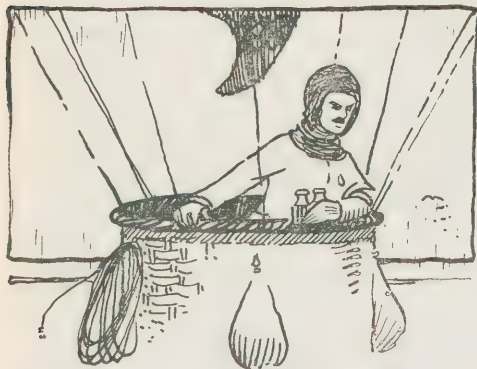
According to Col. Robert E. Wylie, chief of the equipment branch of the operations divisions, general staff, gold and silver stars are not official. Col. Wylie says: "There is no authority for gold and silver stars being worn on any part of the uniform by any officer or enlisted man. They are not authorized."

"Regarding the scarlet chevrons for discharge," says Col. Wylie, "they are authorized by the War Department. There should be one chevron only worn on the left sleeve, midway between the elbow and the shoulder, point up, to be worn on both overcoat and coat, and this chevron is the mark of an honorably discharged soldier."

Even with this authorization, scarlet chevrons are seen worn between the elbow and wrist, sewed on point downwards, and sometimes worn two on a sleeve. Two scarlet chevrons are issued to each man upon his discharge, although the wearing of these chevrons is not compulsory.

They were dining *en familie* in a farmhouse near St. Pierre. She had partaken ever so lightly of the *vin-blanc* when she suddenly spied a comb of honey on the table.

"Isn't it wonderful, Mabel!" she exclaimed clapping her hands, "even these good people keep a *bee*!"



Woe to him who fails to fold his blanket correctly, who chances to oversleep some morning or whose bunk is untidy. An hour a day he must work in the boiler-room, feeding the fires. Perhaps this gives the offender an insight into the future and the hereafter strikingly pictured to him. Our sympathy does not go out so much to the culprit as to the man who is permanently detailed to this work and must see meted out as punishment to others, in hourly doses, that which he should perform cheerfully eight hours daily.

★ ★

Fate, or call it chance, brought six men to this Post. Fate ordained that these men should become friends. Two have secured discharges and have departed to carry on their pursuits of civil life. Each departure caused a pang of regret to those remaining. And now a letter comes from he who left first. He is surprised at the firmness of these ties of friendship cemented here. He in turn misses those he left behind. Each of these men has gained a lasting memento. This opportunity is open to every man. Look about you and see if there isn't at least one fellow whose likes and dislikes coincide with yours and whose friendship is worth your while.

★ ★

"Tooting our own horn," and we are proud to do it. You have heard our newly organized brass band play at retreat, haven't you? And doesn't a shivery something crawl up your spine as you listen to the National anthem played by our boys? It is a most valuable asset to our institution and Lieut. Clark and Sergt. Aanested who have worked so hard to bring it to reality are deserving our most sincere thanks. We are now looking forward to band concerts, and even to the chance to show it off on parade.

The Observer.

A TRUE FRIEND

(To those true, loyal pals who are the first to come in when the whole world goes out; who understand, advise, sympathize, and comfort; who are, after all, all that is worth while in the world.)

When it seems ez tho th' hull darned world
hez gone competly wrong;

When the Soul iz torn asunder, en th'
heart hez ceased its song;

When th' plannin' en th' hopin', en th'
thousand things we've thot

Hev gone tumblin' int' ruin, en it all hez
come t' naught;

When th' outlook iz dark en gloomy, en it
seems you're down en out;

When th' Fates hev ceased their smilin'
en begin t' kick you 'bout;

When you're mighty low in speerits, kinder
hopin' fer th' end;

There's but one thing thet kin save you—
It's a true, rock-bottom Friend.

Makes no diffrence how they lam you with
their spite and jealous hate;

They kin lie, en spread their slander, en
their dirty tales relate;

Let 'em curse you, en revile you; let 'em tear
your life apart;

Let 'em do th' worst thet's prompted by a
shriveled soul en heart;

You kin laff, en sing most joyful in th' face
o' all they do.

When you know you've got a comrade
who iz loyal, strong en true;

You kin put t' flight their efforts, you kin
all your rights defend

With th' earnest, faithful backin'
Of a true, rock-bottom Friend.

—LT. CLIFTON E. GURD.

GREETINGS FROM THE VOUS FAMILY

Do you remember all the Vous you met in France? They seemed to be everywhere and almost as numerous as the Damn Family in the United States.

There are Monsieur and Madame Vous, whose first names are Avez and Parlez (better known as "Polly").

There are the mysterious Vous twins Taisez Vous and Mefiez Vous, who are performing a patriotic service by warning the public against enemy aliens.

And there is Savez Vous who wants to know if you know; Voulez Vous who wants to know if you will; Pouvez Vous who wants to know if you are able and Souvenez Vous who wants to know if you remember.

This is only a beginning, for the Vous family is one of the largest and best known in France.



The lifting of the quarantine at Oteen was the occasion of great rejoicing at the Red Circle Club where a large crowd gathered Saturday night and the lively bustling of the fellows as they played or ate or talked was pleasant to hear.

★ ★

As soon as the city ban is lifted the social evenings will be resumed.

★ ★

Miss Burgess, the popular managed of the Red Circle Canteen at the club is expected to be on the job again after a two weeks session hospital with the flu.

★ ★

The men met on a train nearly two years ago enroute to a training camp.

They became fast friends and buddies at the camp.

Then they were separated as they were sent away to other assignments.

They met by chance on the streets in Paris. Then they went to the front in different sectors. Each learned of the death of the other.

They met each other at the Red Circle Hotel last week. They have decided to keep in touch with each other for the rest of their lives.

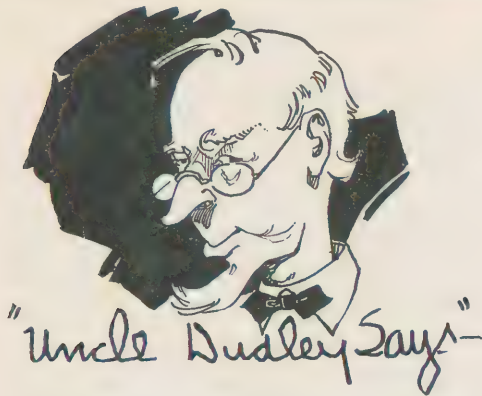
★ ★

Men who are about to be discharged from the army may be interested in the proposition that Petty Officer Lewis, the Naval recruiting officer, will put up to them at No. 4 Pack Square.

★ ★

Remember that the Information Bureau, at the Red Circle Hotel, can give full information about discharges, compensations, vocational training and reconstruction. We route men going long distances and make reservations and buy tickets for men out of town. This applies to Waynesville, Hot Springs, Oteen and Kenilworth.





"These here wimmen critters iz powerful lot like a frog a-settin' on a lilly leaf in th' middle o' a frog pond. Ye kin never tell when they will jump, ner kin ye figger which way it will be when they do take a noshin t' jump. Yep, they shore air puzzlin, sez I."

"Which reminds me o' th' 'xperience o' Bill Jones. Y'see, Bill wuz sorter lookin' fer Ole Man Stork up t' hiz house en one day he hustled down t' th' city en bought hisself a bang-up, gee-wallopin', A-No. 1 go-cart trimmed up in ribbons fer th' leetle boy what th' stork wuz a-goin' t' leave fer him. Wall, th' next week Bill toted that go-cart back t' town en traded it fer one o' these here omnybusses fer t' wheel around th' three leetle gal babies what th' stork did leave fer him. 'Gol-durn wimmin nohow,' says Bill, 'I never could depend on thte wife o' mine.' En so there ye air."

— ★ —

"which reminds me o' Bill McNally, y' see, Bill wuz down Alliston en he got kinder sweet on one o' th' gals in a soup joint in town en used t' chin her quite a bit. Wall, one day she wuz teachin him some greaser talk en 'splains ez t' how "Adois" hez two meanin's. When ye air comin' t' meet a feller, it means 'howdy'—en when ye air leavin', it means—'good-by'. Wall, Bill got sorter sweet en he sez, sez he, 'Air ye married, leetle one?' sorter hopeful like. 'You betcha,' sez she, 'en thar's my ole man.' Bill turned en saw a powerful big feller bilt like a stone house, with a face like a Bowery bouncer with a grouch on. En acrost hiz chest wuz a string of meddles sayin' 'Expert', en stuck in hiz belt wuz a young cannon, en eyin' Bill sorter queer. Bill tuck one squint en then hit fer th' door en yelled ez he oozed awway 'Adois' gal,—en thet don't mean 'howdy' by a durn sight."

★ ★

There ain't no use a-talkin'. There iz a heap o' whitewash er a heap o' passports a-goin' t' be needed powerful quick in this kentry when Mr. Common Citizen begins t' audit th' books o' this war."

PERSHING PRAISES MEN

In his report to the Secretary of War, General Pershing pays a high tribute to the work among the soldiers done by the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board, and other organizations. He adds: "The fact that our soldiers, in a land of different customs and language, have borne themselves in a manner in keeping with the cause for which they fought, is due not only to the efforts in their behalf, but much more to their high ideals, their discipline, and their innate self-respect."

★ ★

A WAIL FROM ARCHY

paris france jan
twenty nineteen nineteen
well boss what were you
doing to let them slip
this bone dry stuff
over when i was
out of the country i
thought you would look
after my interests
better than that i
think i will stay here
in france now
although the language
is a little difficult
and i have a
lot of competition
the news has taken my
thoughts away from the
peace conference
completely what matter
which kind of a world
they make if you
can not get a
drink in it
i am no water bug

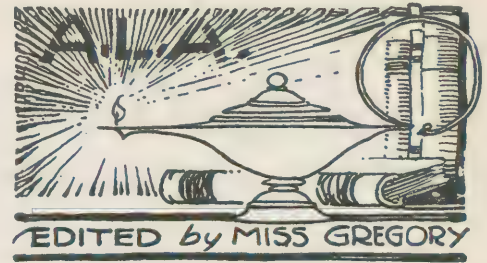
archy

★ ★

G. O. S. H.!

I saw a man in this here post,
And he'd had S. O. S.
I marked the fellow I. L. D.
But the Colonel said it had E. P. T. E.,
So I must have been wrong, I guess.

Today he was up for his S. C. D.,
But he'd gone A. W. O. L.
I may be wrong, but it seems to me,
(And I think it's wrote out in the M. M.
D.)
This Army life is H. E. L. L.!



Miss Duren, Library Supervisor for the Asheville district and Miss Gregory, resident Librarian at Oteen, last week attended a library conference at the Library of Congress at Washington.

The relation between the American Library Association and the various other War Activities agencies was discussed by the heads of those agencies whose headquarters are at Washington.

Major Monahan, of the Surgeon General's office, spoke in detail of the educational work in reconstruction hospitals and with appreciation of the co-operation between the American Library Association and the office of the Surgeon General.

Marion Jackson, representing the Navy Department, mentioned library service rendered at ports of debarkation, on board transports, to the smallest trawlers and to the most remote coast guard stations.

The Committee on War Camp Activities was represented by Major Joy, who emphasized the value of the A. L. A. in taking the soldier's mind away from the routine of camp and hospital through the medium of books and magazines thereby today hastening his return to civil life.

Our library representatives made visits to two of the larger reconstruction hospitals in the United States, the Walter Reed Hospital at Washington, a hospital for general surgical cases; and to the hospital at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, devoted chiefly to shell shock and facial cases. Stop-overs were made at Camp Greene and Camp Wadsworth, which are gradually demobilizing. Steps were taken for securing additional books and equipment from these demobilizing camps to be transferred to the Asheville group of hospitals at Oteen, Kenilworth and Hot Springs in the very near future.

★ ★

Lady—"Were you wounded?"

Tommy—"Yes, mum. I was struck by a shell."

Lady—"A shell! And did it explode?"

Tommy—"No, mum. It jumped up and bit me."

The Asheville Times

EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY
AND EVERY SUNDAY MORNING

*Associated Press News Service
Leased Wire*

THE NEWSPAPER THAT SERVES THE PEOPLE

FIFTEEN CENTS THE WEEK

FIVE CENTS THE COPY

GOOD EATS AT THE CRYSTAL CAFE

Number 1 32 Patton Avenue
Number 2 56 Patton Avenue
Number 3 16 N. Pack Square

HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?

The Orange Star



To Town, cars leave Post No. 1 at 7:30 and 8:30 a.m. Then every 30 minutes till 8:00 p.m. and at 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 and 12:00 at night.
From Town, cars leave Pack Square at 7:00 and 8:00 a.m. Then every 30 minutes till 7:30 p.m. and at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, and 11:30 p.m.
Extra cars during Rush Hours.

*Tickets on Sale to Hospital people at the
Post Exchange*

ORANGE STAR AUTO LINE, INC.

SOUTH PACK SQUARE

TELEPHONE 53

BEAMINGS FROM "RUSH"

I love my furlough, but—Oh! you discharge.

★ ★

We've just been wondering what all these "dependents" that fellows claim to have in their applications for discharge have been doing since we've been in the Army.

★ ★

And ain't it surprising how many businesses will be bankrupt unless some applicant is released from the service.

★ ★

And how about these ten thousand dollar a year jobs that every one held before he came into the service?

★ ★

There will be an awful run on green silk shirts and audible ties when the boys go home.

★ ★

One gink wrote from New York last week he was wearing his "eight quart can" and his undertaker's frock on Sunday morning.

★ ★

A lot of women are going to regret prohibition, the way it will lead to their husbands staying around the house.

★ ★

We read of a "club to welcome soldiers." Exactly—many of them are being welcomed with a club.

★ ★

A fellow may be worth a dollar and a half a day from the neck down all right, but the fewest realize that it's what they've got from the neck up that counts.

★ ★

Jessica Willard may be the world's champion heavyweight, but he certainly has proved himself to be the champion staller, too.

★ ★

Quotes from our own scripture: Evil may be as evil thinks, but the trouble is that the fewest of the evil ever think.

★ ★

Our latest dispatch from the washroom special leased wireless has it that the reason we are getting so many spuds is because they want to get rid of the large supply on hand before the demobilization the 10th of February.

★ ★

Further flashes say that no more men will be discharged here until January 1st, 1920.

A PROBLEM

Uniforms, equipment and supplies, enough to last 5,000,000 men for a year—this is what the War Department has on hand now, with prospects of an army of one-half million men left after the rapid demobilization of war forces is accomplished. To dump this surplus stock, worth several billions of dollars, on the open market, would be to upheave, even to paralyze industry. The tactical problem of selling and re-absorbing into industry this mountain load of commodities without any approaching shock to the country's labor and trade has been assigned to the Purchase and Storage Department and is already being worked out. It is something of a blow to the War Department that it has expended so much money and energy on a job that must be undone; but it is consoled by the fact that if the war had continued every shoe string and frying pan would have been needed, and nobody knew when the war was going to end. The surplus stock is, after all, not entirely surplus. There is the future of the aforementioned half-million regulars to be provided for; the army of occupation is still eating beans and wearing out shoes; and a great part of what is left will be saved for the National Guard and the Home Guard.

Lady (To wounded soldier)—“You must have been through some pretty tight squeezes?”

Soldier (Guiltily)—“Well, ma'am, the nurses have been pretty good to me.”

Western Produce Co.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

It takes an enormous quantity of food to feed one of the largest Government Hospitals in the United States—G. H. No. 19.

We play a large part in the supplying of it.

When a Soldier Needs

O. D. WOOL SHIRTS
O. D. KHAKI SHIRTS
MILITARY HATS
O. D. SWEATERS

LEATHER PUTTEES
SPIRAL PUTTEES
CANVAS LEGGINGS
O. D. GLOVES

HE GETS THEM AT

R. B. Zageir

8 BILTMORE AVENUE

*“Just a Whisper off the Square”****Big Reductions in all Departments***

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION;
TRUNKS, SUIT CASES, HAND BAGS, LEGGINGS, SHOT
GUNS, RIFLES AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

At the Old Price. Gillette Safety Razor Blades, six for 50 cents.
Trunks, Hand Bags and Suit Cases at a saving from
twenty-five per cent to fifty per cent.

H. L. FINKELSTEIN

23-25 BILTMORE AVENUE

TELEPHONE 887

M. V. Moore & Company

*The Department Store
of the South*

SERVICE

SATISFACTION

BROCK & HAGE

PORTRAITS

PORTRAITS IN WATER
COLORS AND SEPIA
MINIATURES ON IVORY
AND PORCELAIN



DAGUERREOTYPES AND
OTHER OLD PICTURES
REPRODUCED, ENLARGED
OR REDUCED

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Why Not Bring That Watch in Now and Have It Repaired and Adjusted?

FINE REPAIRING OUR SPECIALTY

J. E. CARPENTER

16 NORTH PACK SQUARE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Barbee-Clark

CIGARS

That's Our Business

Any and Everything for the Smoker

Exchanges

Precaution—Jack—"Did you tell her what you said in strict confidence?"

Ethel—"No; I didn't want her to think it was important enough to repeat.—*Boston Transcript*.

★ ★

Sergeant (Teaching a class in military courtesy)—"And what rank is an officer with one silver star?"

Ex-Jailbird—"The sheriff, sir."

—*Bombproof*.

★ ★

Dick—"What are you laughing at?"

Mary—"Your whiskers."

Dick—"Is there anything humorous in their appearance?"

Mary—"No; but somehow they tickle me."—*Tit-Bits*.

★ ★

Belle—"What is the best way, do you know, of preserving a good complexion?"

Nell—"I don't know a better way than keeping the jars air-tight."—*Baltimore American*.

★ ★

"The widow seems to take great interest in old Richleigh."

"Yes, she thinks that if she takes interest now she'll have the principal later."—*Boston Transcript*.

★ ★

Bobbie had been studying his grandfather's face, which was very wrinkled.

"Well, Bob," said the old gentleman, "do you like my face?"

"Yes, grandpa," said Bobby. "It's an awfully nice face, but why don't you have it ironed?"

★ ★

Her neck has furs

To stop the breeze;

But she looks cold

Below the knees.

★ ★

Knocking Them—Rookie—"I'm no good for the army, sir. I've got hammer toes."

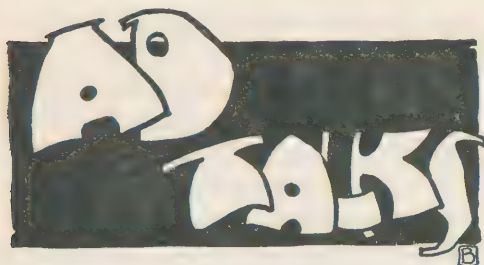
Doctor—"Nonsense! Just the things on a route march for knocking down nails in your boots!"—*Medical Advocate*.

★ ★

Bobby—"Are you the trained nurse mother said was coming?"

Nurse—"Yes, dear: I'm the trained nurse."

Bobby—"Let's see you do some of your tricks."



We have quite a large colony of young ladies at the Hospital, namely the nurses and reconstruction aides.

These girls represent purchasing powers that would greatly increase the business of any good Ladies' Ready-to-Wear shop.

The way to get their business is to ask for it.

The way to ask for it is thru the advertising pages of THE OTEEN.

★ ★

Have you looked at advertising in the light of business insurance?

Besides increasing business advertising holds old customers.

★ ★

The motorist mopped up another mile of dusty road, turned a corner, and came upon a delightful little inn. He promptly dismounted, and called for a drink.

"Wait a minute, and I'll get you another mug. That's Geraldine's!" the boy told him.

"I don't mind!" declared the customer enthusiastically, and drained it off. "I'm proud to drink from Geraldine's mug. She's your sister, isn't she?"

"No," replied the boy solemnly. "She's our dog!"

★ ★

Passing through the hospital, a distinguished visitor noticed a private in one of the wards who had been seriously injured.

To the orderly the visitor said: "That's a bad case. What are you going to do with him?"

"He's going back, sir," replied the orderly.

"Going back!" said the visitor, in surprised tones.

"Yes," said the orderly. "He thinks he knows who did it."

★ ★

Modest Young Lieutenant (reporting to C. O. after a thrilling raid into No Man's Land)—"Captain I wish to report Private Hick's conduct in the highest terms of praise. He is the bravest man in the world. He followed me every place I went."—*Hospital Review.*

A Photograph

of yourself before you put on civilian clothes will be cherished all your life.

The Pelton Studio

Next to Princess Theatre

EDWIN C. JARRETT

WE CARRY ONE OF THE MOST COMPLETE STOCKS OF VEGETABLES, FRUITS AND FANCY GROCERIES ON THIS SECTION. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.



12 N. PACK SQ. & CITY MARKET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

ARTHUR M. FIELD CO.

JEWELERS

*Designers and Manufacturers
North Carolina Gems a Specialty*

PATTON AVE. & CHURCH ST.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THE BIGGEST, BUSIEST, BEST, AND MOST POPULAR PLACE TO
MEET YOUR FRIENDS IN THE CITY

GOODE'S DRUG STORE, Inc.

Druggists

PHONE 718

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THE WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST CO.

AFFORDS YOU A SAFE PLACE IN WHICH TO DEPOSIT YOUR SAVINGS AND PAYS YOU 4 PER CENT COMPOUND INTEREST ON ALL MONEY DEPOSITED IN ITS SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

*Accounts Subject to Check Given
Special Attention*

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO CALL UPON US WHEN IN NEED OF THE SERVICES OF A GOOD BANK

WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST CO.

Member Federal Reserve System

PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

FRESH CANDY

IS ALWAYS ASSURED AT THE CANDY KITCHEN, BECAUSE WE MAKE OUR CANDY DAILY. EXCELLENT MEALS SERVED A LA CARTE.

CANDY KITCHEN

HAYWOOD STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

At the Post Exchange You Get

"CAROLINA SPECIAL"

"The Ice Cream Supreme"



**CAROLINA
CREAMERY
COMPANY**

Superior Milk Products

(Continued from page 9)

Red Cross worker has available and the individual family has not—that is the kind of service Red Cross tries to give in the home.

The Home Service organization, which enables it to work, is very simple. In every camp and army post in this country and wherever there are American soldiers overseas, there will be found the Red Cross Home Service man, who keeps in touch with the men and offers assistance whenever a soldier is worried about conditions back home. The Home Service man in camp reaches the remote little home town in Texas, Maine or Montana, through the big Division offices which act as a sort of clearing house in the matter. Often, a few hours after a soldier has told his worries to a Home Service man, a telegram has been sent and a Home Service worker is paying a visit to the family.

In cases where the Home Service workers found great destitution and utter lack of education in the home, there have been opportunities for "family reconstruction," so that the returning soldier, himself broadened and awakened by his experience in the army, will return to find very different conditions at home, from those he left. Believing that true victory in this war will not be achieved until, in the democracy for which we fought to make the world safe, each family can develop to the fullest physical, mental and spiritual life of which it is capable, and that the only real progress is progress made by everybody. Home Service has sought, through its thousands of local workers, to carry the individual soldier's family along on the tide of advancing democracy. Realizing that the soldier has changed and advanced, and that old conditions will be disappointing when he returns home, a community uplift spirit has been created in thousands of little towns and the Red Cross Home Service motto of "friendly, neighborly helpfulness" has become a community ideal.

Mr. W. J. Crain, the Home Service man in the Red Cross staff at Oteen, is finding opportunities for service a little different from those afforded in the ordinary army camp. There are hundreds of patients at Oteen who would be more contented and happy, and could pursue the "Chief Aim" with better zest, if the folks back at home really understood just why it is best for them to be here, rather than at home. This is equally true of the boy with a home on Hester Street and the boy with a home on Riverside Drive.

Whenever a boy wants help in explaining these things to the home folks, or whenever the home folks write to the Red Cross in a spirit of misunderstanding, discontent and impatience, there is a chance for Home Service. The Oteen boys have in Mr. Crain a sympathetic and zealous helper, who wants to make his service here much more than a mere routine piece of work in helping with allotment and allowance delays and similar technical and informational service. Red Cross Home Service goes into the homes of the prosperous as well as the homes in financial distress, because it is untinged with any least thought of charity or alms-giving.

Many stories could be told of actual assistance brought to the home of Oteen soldiers, but Red Cross relations with those who come for advice or aid are as confidential as those of a doctor with his patients. Taking the day's basket of mail at random, however, here are a couple of samples of the problems that are being handled: Help for a boy whose parents live in Europe, where the father has suddenly died, and allotment and allowance has never been received; and, again the case of a soldier's wife and little boy in the far west, with a new baby coming. The man at Oteen will have a post card from Mr. Crain asking him to call at the office for news from home, and this is a part of the letter he will read, written by the Home Service worker in his little town way out west: "Your wife and little Billy are well. She has a nice room in a pleasant family who are kind to her and who have a number of children with whom Billy loves to play. We have furnished her from Red Cross supplies the new baby's layette because there was no time for her to make it, and she is going to go to the hospital where she can have the best of care when the baby comes. She hesitated at first about this, because of Billy, but we have arranged with the woman in the house to look after Billy the few days she will be away, and he will be happy with her children. Please be sure we are doing everything for her comfort and welfare and will wire you as soon as the baby comes."

These are the cases where substantial help was needed and will be given, but Red Cross Home Service stands ready to aid the soldier in any problem that is worrying him about the folk back at home, and while the soldier himself may not see how help could be given, the invitation is out to come and talk it over with Mr. Crain, who has back of him "the mobilized heart of America," the power and strength of the Red Cross.

ASHEVILLE BATTERY COMPANY

—OFFICIAL—

SERVICE



STATION

COLLEGE AND MARKET STREETS

TELEPHONE 3437

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

The Haywood Grill

MARIAN A. PUTNAM

ALL THE BEST THINGS TO EAT AT REASONABLE PRICES.
OYSTERS SERVED IN ANY STYLE. OPEN SEVEN DAYS
IN THE WEEK FROM 8:30 A.M. TO 8:00 P.M.

33 HAYWOOD ST.

PHONE 1651

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

NEW UNIFORMS FOR OLD

Bring us that old spotted uniform or the one which needs altering. We'll clean it so that it will look like new or we'll alter it to fit you as it should. Bring us that hat which needs cleaning and blocking. Satisfaction guaranteed, because our work is done by the most approved methods. *Nurses*—Let us clean or alter your clothes.

Asheville French Dry Cleaning Co.

4 NORTH PACK SQUARE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THE AZALEA HOSPITAL BUYS ALL OF
ITS FISH FROM

The Asheville Fish Company

What an endorsement for Quality this is!

OFFICERS' ARMY SHOES

NURSES' RED CROSS TAN BOOTS

MEN'S ARMY SHOES

THE ASHEVILLE BOOTERY, Inc.

"The Store of Best Qualities"

47 PATTON AVE.

The Post Exchange

is run for the soldiers and by the soldiers.
Patronize your own Store.

THE POST EXCHANGE IS IN THE HEART OF THE CAMP AND WE
WANT IT TO BE IN THE HEART OF EVERY MAN.

MAMMOTH FURNITURE STORE

A SPLENDID VARIETY OF ELECTRIC LIGHTS
BOTH TABLE AND FLOOR LAMPS

J. L. SMATHERS & SONS

15 AND 17 BROADWAY

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

REO TRANSPORTATION SERVICE

*From the Square to
The Post*

DAY PHONE 1041

NIGHT PHONE 2361

E. J. GRISET

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN
TO SOLDIERS

S. M. STEVENS

*Licensed Plumber and
Sanitary Engineer*

QUALITY WORK MEANS
SATISFACTION

*"Ask the folks I have done
work for"*

MUSIC

It would not be fair to our friends and we would not be able to give credit where credit is due, if we did not all know who has been making possible for us, our band of which we are already proud, and our orchestra which is doing good work, to say nothing of the Jazz Outfit which will soon be on its feet. We are going to take this opportunity to mention those who have and who still are giving invaluable assistance to us.

We wonder if you all know that it was through the interest and activity of Mr. Wirt Howe, while he was our Red Cross Field Director and the generosity of the American Red Cross that the first donation of seven hundred dollars for our band was secured. This generous gift made it possible for us to order the instruments which are now in our hands. The enthusiasm and eagerness with which every man is working but mildly expresses our appreciation of their generosity.

Mr. H. A. Dunham of Dunham's Music House, in Asheville, has proven himself a true and staunch friend. Our instruments were all ordered through him. He generously did all business transactions without profit to himself. In fact the discounts which he gave us and his own donations have amounted to more than fifty dollars. His kindly advice and patience in attending to our many wants has been a great help.

This column would not be complete without mentioning Miss Ray C. Sawyer, of 79 Hamilton Place, New York City. Early in the war she had the need for music for the soldiers and sailors brought to her attention and she took upon herself, with the co-operation of the large music publishing houses, the supplying of all the latest music to our soldiers and sailors every where. Sergt. Bischoff in Ward W-1, when he was leading his band in France received music from her. It was he who said, "write to Miss Sawyer and she will help you out with music." Our first letter to her brought a fine collection of selections for both our band and orchestra. When Capt. Griggs generously gave us twenty-five dollars for music, his check was forwarded to her and she did the shopping for us, securing our Beginners Band Books, instruction books and many more band and orchestra selections. Her "bit" as she calls it has amounted to a whole lot of valuable assistance for us and we appreciate it sincerely.

A check for twenty-five dollars was received from Mr. E. A. Tomlinson of St. Petersburg, Fla. We should also acknowl-

edge the receipt of a number of instruments from friends in Asheville and elsewhere. These are now scattered over the hospital and are giving much pleasure to those who have them. Our own Post Exchange is doing the rest. It deserves the patronage of every man in the hospital. This week it is squaring up accounts by paying bills of the Musical Organizations of over five hundred dollars. These bills include the balance of the account for the band instruments, more music for both band and orchestra, trap drum sets and many incidentals.

The good will of our Commanding Officer, his hearty interest and co-operation in what is being done, plus the enthusiastic support of every man and woman in our big institution does not have to be asked for, it is being given. With such a backing and the fine support of our many friends, we can see but one outcome for our Musical Organizations. They are bound to succeed.

★ ★

Instructor—"Name one of the bones of the skull."

Student Nurse—"Octopus (meaning occipital)."

Instructor—"Give the three parts into which the OsCoxa is divided."

S. N.—"Illium, Odepsey and Plebes."

Instructor—"What is the childhood disease in which the bones become softened from a lack of a mineral in the diet?"

S. N.—"Crickets."

★ ★

A war worker asked a colonel if people were allowed on the battlefield. He said, "No, young lady, why do you ask?"

"Oh, well," she said, "one of the girls told me it was roped in."

★ ★

"Do you know," said a young lady to a soldier, "the boys ought to make good husbands after they get out of the army. They'll know how to cook, wash, scrub, bake and be able to perform all household duties with great skill."

"Make good husbands," answered the soldier. "You bet they will. They'll be able to tell their wives how things ought to be done."

★ ★

A man attempting to enlist in Oklahoma City disclosed on his forearm the tattooed figure of a scantily attired woman.

"You can't get into the army with that thing on your arm," said the military policeman on duty. "That woman must have some more clothes on."

A few hours the man reappeared and exhibited his arm again. Carefully tattooed about the woman's body was a barrel.

*"The truth, the whole truth, and
nothing but the truth"*

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VICTORIES

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MEN WILL MAKE FOR SUCCESS IN
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MAKING READY TO ACT?

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FOUL PLAY

Bill's folk were glad he was furloughed
home

With souvenirs to fill a hod

For all his crosses, though, he scratched
his dome

And wished that he could face a firing squad

He used to know the address of a girl

Of whom he spent his coin before the war;

And with his thoughts on her all in a
whirl

He went uptown and pounded on her door.

But soon there came an answer to his knock
A little kid no bigger than a pin,

Who felled the conquering hero like a
rock

By telling him, "My ma an' pa ain't in."

★ ★

A certain surgeon of this command, who
is very young and rather shy, was invited to
dinner by a lady, who was at least fifty but
frivolous enough for twenty. She imagined
herself very clever when making rude re-
marks. At dinner she asked this young
surgeon to carve a fowl, and, not having
done so before, he failed lamentably. In-
stead of trying to cover his confusion, the
hostess called attention to it pointedly by
looking down the table and saying loudly:

"Well, you may be a very clever surgeon,
but if I wanted a leg cut off I should not
come to you to do it."

"No, madam," he replied politely, "but
then, you see, you are not a chicken."

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